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DEVOTED TO THE DOCTRINE OF UNIVERSAL BENEVOLENCE AND MISCELLANY OF CHASTE AND MORAL TENDENCY.

"HOW BEAUTIFUL UPON THE MOUNTAINS, ARE THE FEET OF HIM THAT BRINGETH GOOD TIDINGS, THAT PUBLISHETH PEACE."—Isa. lii, 7.

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Original.

A FUNERAL DISCOURSE,

Delivered in the 3d Universalist Church in New York, July 12, 1835, on the occasion of the death of Samuel Whittemore, *Esq.*

BY C. F. LE FEVRE.

Blessed are all they that put their trust in him. Ps. ii, 12.

Man is the creature of many wants, for the supply of which he is entirely dependent on the bounty of that Providence who opens the storehouse of nature to satisfy the varied demands of his numerous family. For the air which he breathes, for every pulsation of his heart, and for the food by which his physical frame is supported, he has to trust entirely to the goodness of his Maker and to receive the blessing as a free, unmerited and unpurchased favor. The reflection that man is absolutely a dependent creature, very naturally leads to another no less obvious, that there is some Being superior to man and that his existence is demonstrated from the provision which he has made for all the wants of his creatures. Hence the apostle correctly argues that God hath never "left himself without witness in that he did good, and gave us rain from heaven and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness."

But man is not merely the creature of animal appetite, he rises higher in the scale of existence and is endowed with moral and mental capacities. Connected with these are desires and wants which as much require a proper provision—food adapted to their nature, as the body craves its accustomed aliments. For the supply of these man is as much dependent on his Creator as he is for his physical and bodily support. Here then again we must exercise trust in God. Whoever meditates on his physical and moral powers must feel the necessity of some higher being on whom he may repose. There is a weakness and imbecility in humanity that fails in the time of the greatest emergency and the soul flees for support and strength beyond the boundaries of earth. How gracious then is our heavenly Father to invite his children to come unto him and trust to his loving-kindness! How very consoling it is amidst the toil and turmoil of life, when the anxious bosom is oppressed with care and the waves of sorrow tumultuously roll over the troubled breast, to find a little haven of rest from the storm, in the abiding love of the Deity! How sweet to fly from corroding care and sorrow, from the emptiness of worldly solace, and the poverty and vanity of human aid, to rest the weary head on the bosom of eternal love! Yet this is the duty, this is the privilege of the believer. We are commanded to "cast all our care upon God," to which is added for our encouragement the assurance that "he careth for us."

1. I shall speak on the duty of implicit trust in God. 2. I shall notice the grounds for the exercise of this trust; and lastly, I shall speak of the blessedness resulting therefrom. *First*.—To put our trust in God, is to act towards him in this respect as we would towards our best and dearest friend, to carry to his throne of grace, whatever lies as a burden on our mind and excites even the slightest sensation of painful apprehension. I notice then in the first place that the trust which the believer reposes in God will be *implicit*. There will be no hesitancy, no wavering in the exercise of our confidence. It is true that we may not be able to grasp the designs of the Deity and give a satisfactory reason for the movements of an infinite mind. The kingdom or government of God, in this respect, may have its mysteries and we may often be called to feel the force of that sentiment so beautifully expressed by the poet—

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform,
He plants his footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm."

But the difficulty which may exist in accounting for the dealings of God, will not detract one iota from the confidence which the soul will place in him. It will be sufficient to know and feel that the government is in the hands of a Being too wise to err and too good to exercise his power for evil. The husbandman who commits the seed to the bosom of the earth, sows in hope and in confidence that he shall finally reap. He cannot account for that mysterious and hidden process which is taking place, causing the seed to germinate and bring forth in due season the anticipated fruit. The operation is hidden from his view, but his confidence is not shaken, and he trusts the frail seed to the precarious elements without any hesitation. How deplorable would be the condition of man, if he had not this confidence! Scarcely less must that man be pitied, who has lost his reliance in God and who hesitates to put his trust in his his goodness. What though clouds of darkness may surround the ways of the Eternal, and the eye seeks in vain to penetrate the veil, yet if he feels that mercy and truth are the habitation of his throne, he will hear the language of Jehovah, breaking on his ear and saying to his soul, "be still and know that I am God."

I observe secondly, that this trust will not only be implicit, but *universal*. There are many who are ready to trust God for some things, but hesitate to trust him for every thing. But that is as unreasonable as it is unscriptural. He tells us to cast *all* our cares upon him—to put our *whole* trust in him, and consequently to withhold any confidence, is a direct evidence of the weakness of our faith. It is a singular fact that while God's universal goodness is acknowledged, and in the things of time perfect confidence is enlisted, he is still mistrusted for that which concerns our eternal peace and happiness. But surely if we were to reflect, it is doing God but small honor to trust him in small things and refuse confidence in the greater. It is for example highly dishonoring his character for supreme goodness, to feel that he is kind and affectionate and bountiful to us in the blessings of his providence, carefully administering to all our bodily wants, lavishing his rich gifts on us with an unsparing hand, and yet anticipate a period when he will forfeit this benevolent character and only manifest the disposition of relentless cruelty. I can scarcely imagine a thought more derogatory to divine goodness and consequently destructive of that very confidence which it is our highest duty to exercise. Hence we are commanded to trust all to God, to give into his care and keeping our souls, our bodies and all that we are, to resign our friends, our relatives, in short to feel that any thing is safe in his hands and that he will do all for the happiness and welfare of all his creatures.

I lastly observe that the trust which we place in God should be *filial*. There is no consideration so strong as that which arises from the relationship which exists between God and his creatures. Directly the mind has arrived at the full persuasion that God is our Father, when it feels the delightful reality; from that moment a spirit of confidence is enlisted which nothing can destroy. Nothing can come amiss to a mind impressed with this conviction. No dispensation of Providence will be distressing, though it be grevious; no command will appear hard. And here I trust that I shall not be thought guilty of derogating from the dignity of my subject if for the purpose of more clearly illustrating the point before me, I venture after the example of our great Master to set in the midst of you a *little child*. It is related by a worthy minister that he endeavored, by means of the following expedient, to imprint upon the mind of his daughter, when at a very early age, the idea of faith. She was playing with a few beads which seemed to afford her great delight. Her whole soul was absorbed in them. Her father having first remarked to her that she appeared to be vastly pleased with these showy trifles, added with a pleasant air, "come, now, throw them behind the fire." The tears started in her eyes. She looked earnestly at him, as though she expected to hear some reason assigned for this cruel sacrifice. "Well," said the father, "do as you please, but you know that I never told you to do any thing which I did not think would be good for you." She looked at him a few moments longer and then summoning all her fortitude—her little breast heaving with the effort, she dashed them into the fire. "There," said he, "there let them lie, you shall hear about them another time, but say no more about them now." Some days after he purchased a box full of larger trinkets of the same kind and upon his return home, he opened the treasure and set it before her. She burst into tears of ecstacy. "These, my child," he said, "are yours; because you believed me when I told

you that it would be better for you to throw those two or three paltry beads behind the fire. Your confidence in me has procured you this treasure. But now remember as long as you live what faith is. I did all this to teach you the meaning of faith. You threw your beads away because you believed that I had too much goodness and kindness, to give you any advice which it would not be your advantage to follow. Put the same confidence in God. Be willing to obey all his commands and endeavor to realize that in every sacrifice which he calls upon you to make that he has your highest interest in view." Happy would it be for us, my brethren, if we could profit by this moral, and exercise the same childlike confidence and trust in our heavenly Father.

But I have perhaps dwelt sufficiently on the nature of that trust which we should exercise. I proceed to notice the encouragement which God has given us for the performance of it. That God is worthy of our supreme confidence I argue in the first place from considering the blessings of his providence. Whoever surveys the works of nature and notices the wonderful provision that is made for all the wants and comforts of created existences cannot fail of arriving at the conviction that there is no want of care and kindness in the great Author for any being which he has made. We see in every part of the world a wonderful adaptation in the provision which is made, to the habits and various wants of the creatures which inhabit the several parts of our globe. The wisdom which is here displayed is only equalled by the goodness with which that wisdom is directed. Indeed we cannot turn our view on any side without being met with manifest tokens of power, wisdom, and goodness. I shall not further urge the consideration of this point from the fact that its truth is universally admitted. The theme is indeed a delightful one, exhaustless as the fountain from which it flows. I only make one passing remark, the reasonableness of which, I cannot but think must be obvious to every candid mind. If God is thus provident and careful for the welfare and happiness of every sentient being, does it not argue a great want of confidence in his goodness, to suppose that he will ever forget the creature which he has made and leave him to a condition of unmixed misery?

But this idea very naturally leads me to say a few words on the particular condition in which he has placed his creature man. He has raised him very far above the other animated works of his creation, by those superior faculties with which he has endowed him. He stands forth in the world as the noblest monument of his wonder working hand. He has given him capacities which reach beyond the confines of the earth and has stamped on his soul yearnings and desires which pass the limits of time and lay hold on eternity itself. Has God done any thing in vain? Is it the eternal truth that he has revealed, when he says that he will satisfy the desire of every living thing? If we are not too dull to read the page of nature that is spread before us, and too sceptical to listen to the testimony of his recorded truth, how can we resist the conviction, that to a God of an unchanging character, we must ever be the objects of his supreme affection? How blind, how infatuated, how irrational is unbelief on this subject! If an earthly friend does but forego his ease, if he sacrifices wealth, reputation, or endangers his life in our service, we are ready to rush into his arms and acknowledge him as our benefactor, and yet we can meet at every step of our earthly pilgrimage, indubitable evidences of God's enduring love, and yet harbor the dishonorable thought that perhaps a period will arrive when he will forget his first love, and condemn the work which he was pleased to pronounce very good!

And this leads me lastly to consider as a reason for placing confidence in God, the assurance which he has given the world of his love, in the gift of his Son. What a sure foundation is here laid on which man may erect the superstructure of his hope! What an argument does this furnish for implicit, unwavering and constant reliance on our heavenly Father's goodness! With what power and force does the apostle use the fact, to confirm the hope of the wavering and unstable! Hear the words of the apostle; "If God so loved us, that he spared not his own Son, but gave him for us *all*, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things." What streams of comfort flow from this blessed declaration! How comprehensive is this language, it is as if God had said, "What needed blessing can you possibly stand in want of in time or in eternity, with which you shall not be supplied, seeing that I have not withheld my only Son but have freely delivered him up for you all." My brethren, if you would sacrifice your children, to serve your country, or if you would send forth an only child to bleed in the sacred cause of liberty, that country would never be so ungrateful as to question the amount and permanency of your affection. The sacrifice would be appreciated and your fellow citizens would feel that you would freely give for your country all that might be required at your hands. I ask, then, how can any one despair of needed blessings after this manifestation of divine love? Remember every good and perfect gift cometh from the Father of spirits, with whom is no variableness or shadow of turning. Whatever then you may need to fit you for the enjoyment of God, whether it be repentance, or faith, or holiness, or regeneration, it must come from the same source, and if God has not withheld the greater gift, the gift of his only Son, how shall he withhold those lesser gifts, which are necessary for your salvation? This is the substance of the apostle's reasoning, "If he gave his own Son, how shall he not also with him freely give us all things?" Mark the extensiveness of the blessing, he "gave him for us *all*." Yes we rejoice that we can contemplate in Jesus Christ, "the Savior of the world." He shall have the heathen for his inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession. He shall reign until all sin be finished, transgression ended and everlasting righteousness brought in. He must reign till all things are subdued unto him, then shall he be subject to him who did put all things under him, and God shall be all in all. And is this the great salvation which he came to accomplish? My soul wishes its prosperity. Holy, blessed, humanizing thought, how does it "raise up the hands that hung down and confirm the feeble knees." May we feel its renovating influence on our hearts, then shall we render thanksgiving and praise to the God of our salvation and be filled with joy and peace in believing—we shall enter into rest.

Lastly, I am to speak of the blessedness which they enjoy, who put their trust in God. Our text calls them *blessed*. They are blessed in that they can acquiesce in all God's dealings. Human life is chequered with the gleams of the sunshine of prosperity and overshadowed with the clouds of adversity. It was never intended that life should be one unruffled lake. But when the tempest lowers and threatens shipwreck to the frail bark of human happines, trust in God will be to the soul an anchor both sure and stedfast. When the hand of death is busy around us and dear friends are separated, for the best friends must part, what a consolation is it to feel that we can leave them in the hand of our God, and know that they are with their best friend! O, it is this that blunts the dart, which pierces the soul at this sad moment and speaks the word of life, even in the hour of death.

It only now remains for me to make an application of my subject, and I would willingly spare my feelings the mournful task. How difficult is it to impart consolation where we need it ourselves. Our lamented Br. Samuel Whittemore, on occasion of whose recent death I now address you, has been known in this community for the last thirty years. As a citizen you of course are much better acquainted with him than I can be, but filling high public offices, he took that stand in society which caused him to be no stranger to any within the limits of the city in which he resided. The integrity which characterized his dealings, the fidelity with which he conducted the high offices of trust in which he was placed, the liberality which distinguished him as a man of business, in the assistance which he was ever ready to give to honest enterprize, are traits in his character which deservedly rendered him popular in community and will consequently cause his loss to be severely felt. As a beneficent and charitable man to the poor, he was ever ready to relieve distress. His bounty flowed silently and unostentatiously and I scarcely feel justified in publicly speaking of that charity known only to the recipient. The tears of the poor who had participated of his bounty, and which flowed freely over his mortal remains, were an offering of gratitude that could not be mistaken. His memory will be embalmed in the holiest shrine—the *grateful* heart of the poor.

In the domestic relationship he attained the precise point which every good man must emulate—the devoted affection and veneration of his wife and children. Alas that in bringing this to the remembrance I should again unseal the fountains of grief! But I must here forbear. I dare not strike that chord which is already stretched to its utmost tension.

As a member of this Society, his loss is one almost irreparable. The influence and weight which he has acquired in community he brought forward for the promotion of that cause which his conscience told him was the cause of truth. Rising superior to that littleness of soul, which sacrifices religious feeling on any altar that fashion or popularity may think fit to consecrate, he met with us here, from our infant state when two or three only were gathered together, preferring the silent approbation of his conscience to the louder invitations which might meet him from any other quarter. But it was not the mere influence of outward circumstances that benefited our cause and demanded respect, but our brother "lived the gospel he professed," and thus brought into action a moral influence and power, that insured the respect and approbation of all. To our new church he was a liberal contributor, and I indulge the hope that a temple will arise, that will prosper and do credit to him who laid the corner stone.——Such, my friends was the character of our departed brother. If I have drawn it with a flattering pencil, it is unintentional. I am aware that the colors will be bright when the hand of friendship lays them on.

The sad tale is now told, and I would fain wipe the tears away, which the rehearsal has caused to flow. Brethren and sisters who are called to mourn on this melancholy occasion, I do not tell you not to weep. The bright representative of all moral perfection poured the tributary tear on the mortal remains of a departed friend. But I beg you not to "mourn as those without hope." He who is our "resurrection and our life," dissolves the icy fetters of death and breathes life and immortality in the dried and withered relics of earth's perishable tenement. Listen to the voice which proclaims the cheering word, "Because I live, ye shall live also." What a light does this shed on the darkness of the tomb. A flood of glory bright as the sun and indeficient as the light of heaven! I cannot

better direct you for consolation, than to point to the various considerations and reasonings, which I have adduced in this discourse. And I am persuaded that if you bestow on them due attention, you will find them of a character to supply the needed comfort. In the parental character of Deity, there is treasure of abiding consolation laid up, from which you may go and draw as from a well of living water and find enough to satisfy every desire of the soul. Turn then to these "wells of salvation," these fountains of living water, and you will calmly submit to this dispensation of the Almighty and only trace the work of a Father's hand. May the rich blessing of divine grace be shed abroad in your hearts, enable you to bow in humble submission to the divine behest and enable you to say from the bottom of your heart "the Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." Amen.

THE LAW OF GOD.

My counsel shall stand and I will do all my pleasure.
JEHOVAH.

If the law of God is infinite in its nature, an emanation from the great Eternal, co-extensive with the unbeginning existence of Deity, and will endlessly endure, morally at least; and again, if this law actually requires the holiness, happiness and sinlessness of all created intelligences, (which no Christian will deny,) what will be the *resnlt?* If this law never is answered; if it requires *more* than ever will be brought about; of course it must endlessly remain *unsatisfied;* and if so, and it is an emanation or transcript of Jehovah himself, consequently *He* must endlessly remain unsatisfied; and if *unsatisfied*, of course unhappy, miserable—and *endlessly and infinitely so!* Horrible conclusion! But can our Partialist brethren gainsay the legitimacy or correctness of such a conclusion? Herald of Truth.

In the minutes of the N. H. Convention, says the Herald of Truth, we see the following new names as preachers —Brs. J. Boyden, C. L. Gilson, C. S. Hussey and J. Day; and in the Inquirer and Anchor, Br. Asa L. Kendall.

A VISION.

BY I. D. WILLIAMSON.

They have forsaken me the fountain of living waters, and hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns which can hold no water. Jeremiah ii. 13.

The sun had sunk below the horizon and the first shades of evening had cast a mantle of pleasing melancholy over the scenery of nature, now blooming with verdure and teeming with life. I sat me down on the green bank of the Hudson, whose placid waters unruffled by a breath of air, flowed silently and smoothly before me, pursuing the "even tenor of their way," to the deep bosom of the ocean.

I cast my eyes to the heavens above: the twinkling stars began to appear in the deep vault of heaven, speaking forth with powerful though with silent eloquence the boundless power, all-knowing wisdom and infinite goodness of that being by whose voice they were called from the dark chambers of non-entity into existence. I looked around me and I saw nature dressed in her richest robes and all creation smiling with joy under the administration of infinite goodness, rendered effectual by the strong arm of omnipotence. Though all was silent as the mansions of sleep, yet methought I could hear a touching song of gratitude spontaneously bursting forth from nature's works, and a thrill of pure joy came rushing over me, as I thought of that reverend and holy Father whose merciful hand sustains, guides and directs the whole. I thought of that exhaustless fountain which God had opened for Judah and Jerusalem to wash in from all sin and uncleanness, and pitied the miserable men who had forsaken this fountain for those broken cisterns which men have hewed out for themselves.

Thus I mused, thus I thought, until lost in contemplation, a scene like the following presented itself to view. I saw a vast plain, a desert of burning sand, extending as far as the eye could reach and covered with a vast multitude of human beings, who were travelling in different directions. The sun was on the meridian, pouring his scorching rays upon the naked heads of the travellers, beneath whose feet the sand was burning with unusual heat. The appearance of these travellers was truly miserable. It was easy to perceive that they were thirsting, panting and dying for water, in a diligent search for which they were busily employed. Despair flashed from their eyes when they saw their companions fall faint and weary to the ground without hope of relief. My heart died within me when I heard the piercing cries of distress and shrieks of despair which were constantly sent forth by the wretched and miserable sufferers. Fear came upon me lest this vast assemblage of men should lie down in death upon the plain. But my fears were in some measure alleviated when on casting a look towards the eastern extremity of the plain I saw a mountain rising to a height of which I had never before formed an idea. It was clothed with the richest verdure, and its summit, which reached unto heaven, was surrounded with a rainbow of the purest light, upon which the eye rested with peculiar pleasure. From the foot of this mountain, and apparently from a solid rock, issued a broad river of water as pure as amber and as clear as crystal. Though the stream flowed constantly and multitudes were drinking, yet I observed not the least diminution of quantity nor any indication that the stream would ever fail. No language can describe the happiness of those who were drinking the water and reclining on the green banks of this beautiful river. They had mostly crossed the burning plain and felt the keen thirst which every traveller must endure. But through thirst and toil and pain they had come up to the fountain. They drank the cool refreshing water and perfumed with odours wafted by gentle breezes from the mountain above, they walked forth on the verdant banks of the stream, while songs of joy and thanksgiviving resounded to Him who had delivered them from the dangers of the plain and led them to a fountain where all their wants were supplied. Indeed there was but one thing which could give them pain—their fellow travellers were in the desert fainting and dying for that water of which there was enough and to spare. I looked round me for some one to bear the good tidings to the sufferers and point them to the way which led to the fountain. My eye caught a heavenly form standing on the rock from which the stream issued, and proclaiming with a voice which reached the uttermost extremity of the plain—"Ho every one that thirsteth come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money come ye buy and eat: yea come and buy wine and milk without money and without price." My heart beat with joy at this heavenly sound, for I saw that there was water enough and to spare, and what a broad high way had been thrown up from the fountain to the middle of the desert, so that there could be no difficulty in coming to the water. I paused, and who can tell my astonishment, when I beheld but here and there a solitary individual going from the desert. I looked to see if I could discover the cause of a circumstance so surprisingly singular, and I beheld what had before altogether escaped my observation. The whole high way was lined on either side with cisterns which had been erected by designing men for the purpose of making gain of the weary travellers. Beside these cisterns stood a multiude of men in black, who were loudly hailing the weary passenger and inviting him to come and drink at their cisterns—each declaring that his was the only pure fountain of water that could be found. It would be an endless task to describe all these cisterns and the disgraceful and cruel scenes which took place around them, or the many arts used by the crafty men to decoy the travellers from the way that led to the fountain of living waters. I will merely describe one which was nearest me, the first on the high way and the most remote from the fountain—around which there was a multitude of all ages, sects and conditions. This cistern was evidently old, and it was also much out of repair, as there were a great number of workmen employed in making repairs and painting over the sides to hide the appearance of decay. Yet there were remaining traces of its former beauty and strength sufficiently distinct to show that it was intended for a very strong cistern; for it was encompassed with bands called decrees, and placed on a fragment of a rock called perseverance. It was so manifestly small that every one could see it could not contain water enough to satisfy one in ten of the mulitude. I saw also that this cistern instead of being replenished with water from the fountain was filled from certain wells which had been digged in the sand, one of which was called "original sin," another "total depravity," and another "endless misery," &c. making in all a mixed compound which could not satisfy any man. Around this cistern stood a large number of these men dressed in black, calling every traveller to stop and drink, and threatening them with hell and endless damnation if they went to any other. Besides these there were a multitude of women and children who stood in the high way ready to seize every traveller by the skirt of his coat and lead him up to the cistern, where he would be compelled to pay a certain sum of money before he could drink. It was truly painful to observe the effects produced by drinking at this cistern. These were violent contortions of countenance, frantic gestures and groanings like those of persons in extreme pain. I saw a young man thirsty and panting for breath approach and after having paid the keeper his fee he was presented with a cup—he drank—his reason was overpowered, and wild with insanity he returned to the desert to perish a miserable lunatic. Just at this moment another approached and desired permission to examine the cistern and taste the water before he drank. He was told in a very angry tone that he was a heretic; his carnal reason would destroy him, and unless he drank immediately without any examination, he would land in an endless hell. He drank, and shared the fate of his predecessor. In all cases it was manifest that the more they drank the more thirsty they were. I saw a man who became dissatisfied with his situation and signified his intention of leaving and proceeding to the fountain. Immediately he was told that he was greatly beloved there, and they felt a very anxious solicitude for his welfare. If he went away others would follow, and it would be a great injury to the establishment. If he would only remain there he could steal away and drink at the fountain whenever he saw fit, but he must let no man see him going there. This did not satisfy the man, he said he was determined on going to the river. Then the men in black began to threaten him. They told him there was a great giant who lived in a certain fiery den, and if he left the cistern or moved one step towards the fountain, that giant would kidnap and cast him into this furnace. This was successful—the man remained and drank the bitter water.

Just at this moment there was a general alarm around the cistern and all those in the vicinity. The keepers of the different cisterns flocked together in much apparent friendship, though they had before been bitterly at war. I could

plainly distinguish the words "infidel," "heretic," "devil's doctrine," "dangerous men," "devil's ministers," &c. I was curious to know the cause of this singular circumstance. This curiosity was gratified when in the midst of the high way I saw a lonely sentinel pointing the weary travellers to the fountain, and earnestly exhorting them to keep straight forward in the highway—turn not to the right hand or the left. He had been to the fountain—he had tasted the water and the placid serenity of heaven was in his countenance. Calmly he reasoned with the travellers on the impropriety of their conduct in drinking these bitter waters, and spending their substance for them when there was good water in abundance, and sweetly did he cheer and encourage them with the prospect of relief from all their toil. When the feeble traveller, fainting with weakness extreme, cried out in the bitterness of his anguish for relief, O, it was an affecting sight to behold this messenger of peace take him by the hand and lead him on to the pure waters, where joys unspeakable were found. I saw a kind mother wringing her hands in agony, while tears of anguish burst from her swimming eyes. She had five children in the desert and she feared that they would perish forever. I saw the kind messenger approach her and in language of kindness give her assurance that her tender offspring were safe in the hand of a kind father who had opened a fountain for a famishing world. Immediately an hundred voices pronounced him a liar, and told the woman she was listening to a messenger of the devil. The noise was so great I started and the vision vanished. I returned to my home fully determined to imitate the example of that man whose character I had so much admired, in encouraging the timid, strengthening the weak, and assisting the feeble to go to the fountain of living waters and satisfy their raging thirst. Gospel Anchor, 1831.

UNIVERSALISM NOT INFIDELITY.

It is sometimes very indiscreetly said, that Universalism is but a species of infidelity, that Universalists are not Christians, and cannot be so considered. We shall have no lengthened argument on this point now; but we really want one question settled, touching this matter. We shall ask the question, whether any body answers it or not. This is it: if the doctrine of Jesus concerning the resurrection of the dead is not true, how is the doctrine of Universalism to be established? It evidently cannot be. If the doctrine of Jesus concerning a future life fails, what becomes of Universalism? It is gone like a dream. Why then should Universalism be called infidelity? If it cannot rest unless it rest on Christianity; and should Christianity fail, that must fail with it, is it not a very singular kind of infidelity? It is just such *infidelity* as Jesus taught, when he said, the dead shall become as the angels of God in heaven, neither shall they die any more, but shall be the children of God, being the children of the resurrection. It is such infidelity as Paul cherished, when he said, "God will have all men to be saved,"—"the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed," "God shall be all in all;" such is the infidelity of Universalism. It is a glorious *infidelity*, if infidelity the opponent will call it. It is the infidelity the angels were infected with, when they came down and sang, "Glory to God in the highest; peace on earth and good will to men." It is just such infidelity as distinguished the old Ancestor of all Universalists, the patriach Abraham, when he trusted in God's promise that all the nations of the earth should be blessed in his seed, Christ. Finally, it is the same infidelity that made the Apostles so obnoxious wherever they preached; and caused the people to say, "those who have turned the world upside down, are come hither also." Trumpet.

Original.

THE JUSTICE OF GOD.

A Limitarian friend asks us with a good deal of emphasis, "How do you get along with the *justice* of God?" As though it were unjust in the Almighty to save all mankind. We will ask in our turn, Is it unjust in Jehovah to keep his promise? "I have sworn by myself, the word has gone out of my mouth in righteousness and shall not return, that unto me every knee shall bow, every tongue shall swear; surely shall say in the Lord have we righteousness and strength." Here two things claim our consideration. 1st. Who are thus to bow and swear? 2nd. What kind of subjection and allegiance is meant in the text? We think it is plain that universality is intended in this passage, that *all* men are to bow and swear unto the Lord. It is declared of Christ that God set him above all principality and power, and above *every* name that is named. Again the apostle James says, "*Every* good and perfect gift is from above." The prophet affirms that "*every* purpose of the Lord shall be performed;" and the wise man assures us "*every* word of God is pure." The reader will perceive the violence which must be done to the sacred record to give these texts a *limited* signification. It is no less absurd to contend that the passage under consideration signifies only a *part* of the human family.

But what kind of allegiance and subjection is designated in the text? All knees are to bow to Jehovah. By this we understand that all men are to reverence their Creator with filial fear and obedient submission. The word *bow* in the scriptures signifies the act of sincere worship paid to the Deity. Paul says "I bow my knees unto the Father." The Psalmist declares "O let us come and worship and *bow* down, let us kneel before the Lord." The whole race of Adam are thus to bow before their Creator and pay him the homage due to his name. "All nations whom thou hast made shall come and worship before thee, O Lord, and shall glorify thy name."

We ask our friend, how does *he* get along with the justice of God, believing as he does, that the Almighty will not fulfil his promise? He may tell me that he admits the universality of this subjection (and this he *must* do if he believes the Bible) but while *all* are to bow before the Almighty, some must bow beneath his rod and the weight of their accumulated sins; for it is said "even the *devils* are *subject* unto us through thy name." But did the devils say "*in the Lord have we righteousness and strength*"? Can any who are sentenced to a place of endless sinning say this? All who bow, are to make this confession, and we have seen that the whole race are to be thus subjected. If all are to have righteousness and strength in the Lord, how is it possible that any are to bow in sin, weakness, and misery?

"Every tongue shall swear." This mode of expression is taken from the ancient custom of taking or swearing the oath of allegiance, and the apostle calls it a confession. "Wherefore God hath highly exalted him (Christ) and and given him a name which is above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow and every tongue *confess* that Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father." Now there is not a particle of proof that these two parallel passages refer to any who are to be subject to an eternal bondage of sin and misery, but they teach the universal reign of righteousness and the subjection of the race of Adam to the empire of Jesus "who taketh away the sin of the world." *All* are to confess, or swear that Christ is Lord, and *this* the apostle affirms "no man can say but by the Holy Ghost." When this universal allegiance is rendered, "God will be all in all," and every heart a temple in which dwells the Holy Ghost, the spirit of the "blessed God." Again we ask our friend, how does he get along with God's *justice*, with his belief that the Almighty will perform only a *part* of his promise?

We most cordially subscribe to the doctrine of God's justice, and we feel assured that "He will do right." If his justice demand the endless suffering of any portion of his creatures, we see no way of their escape but by an infraction of this prominent attribute of Jehovah. If this be the claim of the Divine justice we see not how the claim can be annulled by repentance and faith. And if, as my friend supposes, a sinner may live a long life of crime and rebellion, and by timely repentance can win an immortal crown of joy, while a good and pious man may tread the path of the just till near his journey's end, and then stumble over the precipice of time into the land of despair, again I ask, how "does he get along with the *justice* of God"?

B. B. H.

The following just sentiments we extract from an ancient volume, (the imprint does not give the date,) entitled the "Economy of Human Life."

APPLICATION.

Since the days that are past are gone forever, and those that are to come may not come to thee; it behooves thee, O man, to employ the present time, without regretting the loss of that which is past, or too much depending on that which is to come.

This instant is thine; the next is in the womb of futurity, and thou knowest not what it may bring forth.

Whatsoever thou resolvest to do, do it quickly; defer not till the evening what the morning may accomplish.

Idleness is the parent of want and of pain; but the labor of virtue bringeth forth pleasure.

The hand of dilligence defeateth want; prosperity and success are the industrious man's attendants.

Who is he that hath acquired wealth, that hath risen to power, that hath clothed himself with honor, that is spoken of in the city with praise, and that standeth before the king in his counsel? even he that hath shut out idleness from his house; and hath said unto sloth, thou art mine enemy.

He riseth up early, and lieth down late; he exerciseth his mind with contemplation, and his body with action; and preserveth the health of both.

The slothful man is a burden to himself: his hours hang heavy on his head; he loitereth about; and knoweth not what he would do.

His days pass away like the shadow of a cloud; and he leaveth behind him no mark for remembrance.

His body is diseased for want of exercise; he wisheth for action, but hath not power to move. His mind is in darkness; his thoughts are confused; he longeth for knowledge, but hath no application. He would eat of the almond, but hateth the trouble of breaking the shell.

His house is in disorder; his servants are wasteful and riotous; and he runneth on towards ruin; he seeth it with his eyes, he heareth it with his ears: he shaketh his head, and wisheth; but hath no resolution, till ruin cometh upon him like a whirlwind, and shame and repentance descend with him to the grave.

"*Charity rejoiceth in the truth.*" 1 Cor. xiii. 6. Would charity (or love) rejoice in the endless torment of one single individual of the human race? There can be but one answer to this. It would not. Endless torment therefore is *false*, and "charity rejoiceth in the TRUTH." Even so, Amen! "God will have all men to be saved and come to the knowledge of the TRUTH." N.H.Star.

Show not yourself glad at the misfortune of another, tho' he were your enemy.

MESSENGER & UNIVERSALIST.

SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1835.

NEW PUBLICATION,
The Philadelphia Discussion.

We have now in press the very interesting Controversy between EZRA STILES ELY, D. D. and ABEL C. THOMAS, on the conjoint question—"*Is the doctrine of Endless Punishment taught in the Bible—or does the Bible teach the Final Holiness and Happiness of all Mankind?*" which has been given through the Messenger and other papers within the twelve or eighteen months past.

The very great degree of interest with which this discussion was received throughout the whole country, and the firm conviction that it is calculated to do great good from the talent enlisted in it, and the amicable spirit in which it was conducted, has induced the Publisher to present it to the public in neat Book form. It will make a volume of near 300 large 18mo pages, small type, and will contain several new letters (in addition to those already published in our periodicals) from Mr. Thomas, carrying out his affirmative of the question, and comprising the leading proofs of Universalism. The whole forming a very interesting examination of the great question—*the final destiny of man*—and one, we flatter ourselves, which will be deemed valuable to the community.

The work will be executed in the best manner on fine paper, fine musl n binding, and retailed at 62 1-2 cents.—The customary deduction by the quantity. It will be ready for delivery on or before the first of September.

We purpose having a large quantity of them at Hartford, Conn. during the session of the General Convention.—Individuals desirous of obtaining the work in various sections where it is difficult transporting packages, or where there are no Booksellers who would take an interest in circulating them, might make up their orders, or signify their wishes to some one who was to be at the Convention, and the Books be taken in charge by them on their return.—Preachers might look around in their respective parishes and soon learn how many would probably be taken. In this way, they might be put in circulation, very generally, and reach a vast number of places in 2 or 3 weeks, where they would not otherwise find their way in many months. Will our ministering and lay brethren who intend to be at Hartford, aid us in thus getting the work before the public?

If it will not be asking too much, our editorial brethren will do us a great favor in giving this notice, or the substance of it, an early insertion, that it may be sufficiently known before individuals leave home for the Convention.

P. PRICE.

AN OBJECTION CONSIDERED.

It is sometimes said to the Universalist, with an air of triumph, if you believe your doctrine, "why do you not kill yourself?" So conclusive is the objection deemed which lies concealed under this question, that the Rev. Mr. Mc Clure, of Malden, Mass. has devoted several Lectures to the illustration of the argument. The condition of man in this world is ever imperfect. Misery is mingled in every cup of earthly happiness. In the world to come the christian looks for "an abiding city" and "an inheritance that is incorruptible." There the Universalist believes "tears shall be wiped from off all faces." If such then is the contrast between this and the future state of being, why does not the Universalist avail himself of the earliest opportunity and hasten from this world so mingled in every scene with suffering and misery?

Mr. McClure contends that no man is a sincere Universalist who does not immediately commit suicide. And since but very few professed Universalists were ever known to terminate their own existence (or that of their fellow men, I may add) he concludes there have been very few Universalists in the world. He denies that we can furnish any satisfactory evidence of the sincerity of our faith except by thus hastening ourselves from the present world. All profession is hollow and deceptive which does not lead to this single result.

It is singular that in this elaborate work, so highly valued by the enemies of Universalism, there is not a single argument, nor anecdote, nor witticism, that does not lay wi h equal force against every denomination of Christians, deserving the name, on earth. The same blow that would demolish Universalism, annihilates Christianity likewise.—For I hold it to be impossible for the genuine christian seriously to doubt of his final and everlasting happiness. There are alas! too many who profess to be christians, who are perpetually harrassed by fears for their ultimate well-being. But they obviously do not merit the name. Such apprehensions are not the fruit of christian faith. They spring from an opposite source, a criminal distrust of the divine goodness and truth. "We which have believed," says an apostle, "do enter into REST." There is not only "joy and peace in believing" the gospel, but the christian is called upon to "rejoice always." But can he rejoice always, nay can he ever truly rejoice at all, who fears that he may finally come short of salvation and happiness, and that his immortality shall be an immortality of wretchedness and wo? "He that believeth on the Son of God," says the beloved John, "hath the witness in himself; he that believeth not God hath made him a liar, because he believeth not the record that God gave of his Son. And this is the record that God hath given to us eternal life and this life is in his Son." He that will not believe God may well doubt and fear, but the christian enjoys a faith which makes him "rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."—These being facts, it follows of course that *every christian* must be regarded as in the same circumstances with the Universalist. Consequently if it is the duty of Universalists to commit suicide, it is equally the duty of every other christian.

Bu Mr. M'Clure and others who employ his argument, seem to think themselves exempted by the nature of their faith from the difficulties in which they would involve Universalists. I am quite willing to concede that they are; but it is only the exemption that *infidelity* provides. They do not believe in their own salvation. If they did, according to their own showing, they would live in this world no longer. But their almost hopeless scepticism inspires them with a salutary cowardice.

I care little for what Mr. M'Clure and others like him, may say of my faith, while I know that his censure likewise embraces the faith of Paul and John and the whole host of faithful Christians in all ages and countries. And my only wonder is that such persons, instead of levelling their shafts against Universalism, do not by the same argument undertake to overthrow the Christian religion. When the early Christians heard Paul exclaiming, "We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens,"—why was there not present some shrewd spirit to ask that eminent apostle why he did not resort to suicide to free him from the ills of life, and introduce him into heaven? And whenever the servants of God spoke of their faith and their hopes, why was there not some one to test their confidence by exhorting them to suicide? "The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light."

Some of the reasons why Universalists do not commit suicide are the following:

1. They believe that God their heavenly Father, who has and will for ever love them, knows better than they what is for their present and future good. They therefore "run with patience the race that is set before them." If it is beset with trials they feel assured that infinite wisdom saw those trials good for them, and therefore submit themselves with filial resignation and hope to the will of God.

2. With all its trials and sufferings Universalists think this life a blessing. They here enjoy vastly more happiness than they suffer misery. They see this world lighted by the hand of mercy, and consequently they have greater occasion to rejoice than to complain.

3. As life is the gift of God alone, the high prerogative of taking it away belongs not to man.

4. To deprive one's self of this gift of our Father is the consequence of distrust, rather than confidence in God. While multitudes have committed suicide in despair, none have in the glorious anticipation of immortal blessedness.

S.

THE DANGER OF CONTROVERSY.

We find under the editorial head in a late Christian Advocate and Journal an article headed "Discussions."—It is introduced by the following question—"*Why not allow us free discussion?*"—on which the editors proceed to say:—

This question is frequently asked. And pray, would those who ask it, have us open our columns for the vindication of Atheism, Deism, Universalism, Unitarianism, Calvanism, Popery, and the thousand numberless heresies which flood the world, and infect the moral atmosphere? Have such persons never reflected that it is much easier to raise objections than it is to answer them, to broach an error than it is to check its onward course by the barrier of truth?

What does this mean? Do the heretofore unfortunate subjects of that all-powerful church organization begin to snuff the air of freedom? Are they in reality calling for light, more light! and do the managers of that vast religious monopoly find it difficult to lead their followers blindly on as heretofore? If so, God be praised, for therein would be severed another important link in the galling chain of mental bondage. We have long been satisfied that there is no salvation to their despotic form of church government, save in the suppression of all investigation. It will not bear the test of free examination. The syren song—"*our excellent Discipline*," "*rally around and sustain our admirable Church government*," has for a long time exerted its magic influence, but is now losing its peculiar charm; and we venture to predict, that the startling question—"Why not allow us free discussion?" will thunder louder and louder in their ears, till their present vast ecclesiastical domination exists only as matter of history.

The editors say "there are certain fundamental principles held sacred by all christians and christian philosophers, which may not be touched with impunity," and then very modestly class "Popery, Calvinism, Unitarianism and Universalism" among the "*thousand* NUMBERLESS, [a strong expression truly,] heresies which flood the world"!! These denominations all go to the same great fount for all their hopes and expectations for time and eternity, as the Methodist. The two former are doubly linked with her by an unwavering belief in the darling tenet of endless misery for a great portion of mankind, and as this is a "fundamental" with all partialists, she should be careful, lest in that she judges others she condemns herself.

There are other principles, say the editors, peculiar to them as a church, of vital importance, and which are not to be *slightly* controverted, because a discussion of them would scatter in the church "fire-brands, arrows and death." What these peculiar principles are we are not informed. We are clearly of opinion ourselves that there *are* principles in her organization which should not be "slightly," but *thoroughly* discussed.

There are still other principles, they say, "which resolve themselves into mere matters of *expediency*, such as may, or may not be, without affecting the vital principles of religion," on which free discussion may "innocently" be admitted. [Marvellous! that discussion may *safely* be allowed on principles perfectly inert in themselves.] But, they continue, when the foundations of truth are struck at—when the fundamental articles of faith are questioned and impugned—or any peculiarity of church order and economy is attempted to be exposed to ridicule, or *made a subject of debate*—"we do not feel at liberty to open our columns for discussions of this character"!! We should really like to know how long it is since our Methodist friends have been convicted of this great danger from discussion? or, where they would now have been, had not "articles of faith" been "questioned," and "church order" been made a "subject of debate?" or, where would now have been the much boasted Reformation? But *circumstances* change if *principles* do not. Formerly our Methodist friends were *weak*,—now they doubtless feel strong: but it is a weighty admonition—"Let him who thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." We hope they are doomed to hear the ominous call, "Why not allow us free discussion?" pressed home upon them closer and closer, till every hidden thing shall be brought to the light—and not only to them, but all who would darken the truth by creeds and commandments of men.

P.

VICTIMS OF FANATICISM.

The New-York Transcript of Tuesday last contains the details of a most melancholy case of religious mania. The circumstances, as related in the Transcript, are briefly these:—A young lady by the name of Reid, residing in this city, had been induced to leave her usual place of worship and attend on Mr. Finney's services at the Chapel.—She was introduced to Mr. F. who instituted a close examination in regard to her habits, inclinations, religious feelings, &c. Special measures were commenced for her conversion. Her former views were denounced "in wild and frightful anathemas." She was pronounced one of the

accursed, and finally to clap the climax, something professed to be a Heaven and Hell Book, was exhibited to her, in which to record her eternal happiness, or everlasting misery. So powerful was the effects of these repeated assaults, and the "hideous and demoniac pictures presented to her affrighted imagination . . . . . that she was eventually deprived of reason, and added to the hapless crowd of unfortunates who now tenant our lunatic Asylums, victims to similar attrocities."

Some weeks since she suddenly quit her mother's house (this we believe was before she was supposed to be deranged, other than suffering under a strong excitement of feeling,) without saying where she was going. A brother residing at New Haven, Conn. learning the circumstances, became alarmed. He immediately left his business and instituted inquiries in every direction. In about two weeks after starting in pursuit, he found her nearly *three hundred miles* from home, wandering she knew not whither, a miserable maniac!

The editors of the Transcript close their account in the following strong language—language which few of our secular Journals would *dare* hold on such a subject:—"Let religion be disrobed of the trammels with which intolerance and vice have surrounded her; let her remain untouched, and unsullied by the vitiating designs and speculations of ambitious priestcraft; let her reign pure and unadulterated in the heart, and there will be less of immorality, crime, and *lunacy* in our land."

In addition to the above distressing case, we are informed that a Miss Catharine Strang, whose death was recently noticed in the city papers, was rendered insane by attending a protracted meeting at Ithica, two or three years since. She was for a considerable time confined in the Lunatic Asylum in this city and died a victim to that fell destroyer of human hopes and happiness, the doctrine of *endless misery*. May God forgive its advocates the evils they are doing in thus blighting the fairest flowers of earth. P.

CHRISTIAN PILOT.

By the last No. of the 3rd vol. of the Pilot, we perceive that Br. Rayner has retired from its editorial management and that it will hereafter be published at North Yarmouth, (instead of Portland, as heretofore,) under the editorial direction of Br. Zenos Thompson.

BR. RODGERS' TOUR.—NO. V.

Well, I am safely arrived at home, and have spent two delightful Sabbaths with my amiable friends of Susquehanna county—the last we shall spend together for several years to come, *at least*—perhaps forever. The great West is henceforward to be my field of labor—labor which shall only end—if it please God—where my being ends—in the grave. I shall start with my family about the middle of the present month, and spending some little time in south eastern Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, I propose reaching Pittsburg about the last week in August. The friends in that city will please make arrangements accordingly; if they cannot obtain a house, we can worship out of doors under an extended awning. But to my journal.

The State of Ohio is *decidedly* the most favorable field for Gospel culture with which I am acquainted—its towns, hamlets, and woodland settlements are rife with liberal and independent feeling—the prejudices against our doctrine are far less unyielding—the opposition less systematic, than at the East. Of course, now is the time for successful operation, and it ought to be—oh, it *must* be improved!

From what I can learn there has been a great deal too much—*any* is too much—of the wrong kind of preaching in Ohio; I mean the *harsh, censorious* kind. What can such preaching avail? Supposing persons are converted by it—to what are they converted? For my part, I cannot ever approve of the terms *Orthodox*, *Limitarians*, *Partialists*, and the like, in a discourse from the pulpit, as their manifest tendency is to keep up party feeling, which it ought by all means to be our aim to annihilate. Nor will it avail us to plead in excuse of this practice, that our opponents are liberal in their vituperations against us; *it will not avail us*, I say, for if our doctrine inspires no better spirit than that which they exhibit, then it is no better doctrine than theirs, "for a tree is known by its fruits." *Their* practice has, at least, the merit of *consistency* with their principles, which is far from being true of *ours*. Let us, then, leave to them all the triumphs which can be achieved by this mode of warfare, and content ourselves with fighting the *good fight* of faith.

Since my last I have preached at the places, and in the order following:—COSHOCTON, capital of the county by the same name, thirty miles above Zanesville, on the Muskingum river, where are a goodly number of friends, whom, on the third Sunday in April, I formed into a society. I met here with a very respectable young man, a convert from the Episcopalians, who is about entering upon the ministry of reconciliation. His first discourse, delivered in my hearing, was a chaste production, evincing a cultivated mind. He will make a good preacher if he can get the better of his blushes.

From thence I travelled to MARTINSBURGH, Knox county, the residence of Br. Farnham, of Bainbridge, referred to in my last. Two discourses were delivered here to large congregations. I cannot say much in favor of the prospect. Br. F. accompanied me to NEWARK, eighteen miles, seat of justice for Licking county, where I preached twice to very large assemblies, and found some excellent friends.—Providence permitting, they shall hear from me again next Fall.

MT. VERNON, capital of Knox county. Quite a town, and in the midst of quite a delightful country. Some most excellent friends here, but they contemplate on removing to Texas, and purchasing in joint stock a tract of land large enough for a separate county; in the midst of which they will lay out their seat of justice to their own liking, and will set off certain sections for religious and literary purposes; there the soil, climate, water, situation, &c., are all to be delightful—a very paradise in the bosom of the wilderness. A pleasant dream enough! I wish they may find it made of more substantial stuff than dreams commonly are.—The poet is not far wrong in saying,

"Man never *is*, but always *to be* blest."

At Mt. Vernon I was joined by Br. A. A. Davis, who came a distance of seven or eight miles to meet me and was present at my fourth meeting in that place. He is well reported of, both as a preacher and as a man. He accompanied me to FREDERICK, where is a meeting-house in progress, which is very creditable both to the liberality and the architectural taste of the brethren; it is built with a projection in front, which forms a tower, rising to a good height above the roof, and surmounted by a dome.—The friends here are numerous, and without a preacher at present; it undoubtedly would prove a pleasant location for some good Br. who would discharge his duties faithfully. The surrounding country is rich and delightful.

LEXINGTON, Richland county, is twelve miles from Frederick, where is also a meeting-house in progress. Br. Strong preaches for them here, whom I did not see, but of whom I received a very good account; and God knows it is always pleasant to me to be able to say this of a ministering brother, but especially am I pleased to hear a people speak favorably of the *preaching* of their settled minister, as it proves they are not weary of him, nor disposed to sink him in sheer compliment to a stranger because the latter is *new*. Such conduct resembles that of a child, who in buying a toy selects from the lot the one that bests suits his fancy at the time, but his precious gew-gaw by much handling, alas! at length loses its attractions for him; some of its paint and gilding wears off, and he is heartily desirous to exchange it for the meanest bauble which the shop affords, provided it be only *new*.

MANSFIELD, county seat of Richland, reputed a place of great bigotry; so much so, that a good deal of surprise was expressed at my appointing to preach there. Nevertheless, I was warmly welcomed by several respectable citizens of the place, who even talk of engaging stated preaching. My congregations, especially on the second evening, were very large and attentive; and to my astonishment I found myself in the midst of former acquaintances, recently from Branchville, N. J. Our surprise and pleasure were mutual. Among others was a family by the name of Bell, whom I met last Summer near Morristown, N. J. They then informed me they were about to start for the West, and with feelings considerably softened, took leave of me—as they supposed—forever. How little did they or I then suspect that my feet would be directed to their far off western home, and that I should unite their daughter in matrimony to a respectable citizen of that country! Yet such was the fact. We "know not what a day may bring forth." Oh! this meeting with former acquaintances in places remote from home, is a most reviving circumstance. It is as refreshing as a shower in a season of drought.

At the close of my first lecture at Mansfield, a person arose, and advertised the audience that he would give them some lectures at a given time, with particular reference to my discourses. Supposing him the resident Presbyterian clergyman of the place, I proposed a public discussion of the points of difference between us, and he readily acceded to the proposition. But subsequently I learned that he was a ranter of the "Christ-ian" sect, without talent either natural or acquired. Nothing could possibly be gained by a controversy with such a person, and I therefore judged it best to *back out* of the affair as decently as possible.

NORWALK, county seat of Huron. I conceived no high opinion of the prospect at this place—gave them but one lecture—but with my visit to PERU, six miles distant, and about twenty miles from Lake Erie, I was very much delighted. Here are some most excellent brethren; they have set on foot a subscription for a LIBERAL INSTITUTE, similar to that at Clinton, to be located in their little village.—Better than five thousand dollars are already subscribed, and they propose to raise four thousand dollars over and above the expense of the building, before they put it under contract. I was shown a fifty acre lot which is to be appended to the establishment—well situated for health and pleasantness. It will go forward without doubt; for the brethren of Peru are precisely the kind of men to succeed in an undertaking of the kind. They may calculate with confidence on a visit from me next Fall.

HURON, mouth of the river by that name, on lake Erie—important as a growing place of business, but quite unhealthy—as is sufficiently indicated by its situation. I found a few very good brethren here, gave them one discourse, and the promise of another visit at some future day—which I hope to fulfil next Fall. I took the steam boat from this place to Buffalo—had a cold and tedious passage down the lake—three nights and two days—my poor poney, having got out of other eatables, devoured my whip and one of the floor boards of my wagon. I reached Buffalo in time to supply the desk there on the second Sunday in May—*gave* them two discourses—poor performances, I guess. Heigh-ho! I think I shall never undertake a mission to any place within the arctic circle!

* * * * An incident worth relating, took place during my third discourse in Rochester.

I was insisting with much earnestness—and mostly in the language of the Scriptures—that every sin would incur a just degree of retribution—that under the divine government, there is no immunity from justly deserved punishment. A person near me suddenly arose and left the room, muttering quite audibly as he went, "*May God deliver me from such a doctrine as that!*" Alas, poor man, he would not tolerate a sentiment which brought him to so troublesome a reasoning with his conscience—the serpent's doctrine, "ye shall not *surely* die," would have suited him better! * * * *

How was I delighted with the prosperous state of things at Geneva and Auburn! Beautiful and important villages both of them; a finely situated brick church in each, and an improving, interesting society. May Brs. Chase and Montgomery live long, and increase in usefulness while they live! Br. Townsend's situation is also very delightful—I say *delightful*—that is not an extravagant term for the condition of a minister, who perceives, by infallible indications, that the pleasure of the Lord is prospering in his hands. In short, truth is triumphing over error and delusion in every direction. The stone cut out of the mountain is rolling onward, and overturning in its course the long established dynasties of tyranny and superstition. Magazine and Advocate.

TREATMENT OF INFIDELS.

We are no advocates of Infidelity in any of its forms, as the public very well know. We would not be the cause of multiplying unbelievers in our land, for there are already enough of them. But the object of this article is to speak of the *treatment of Infidels.* How shall we treat them then? We answer as follows. It is our duty, as professed Universalists, to treat them with kindness, love and affection. They may misuse us, but no matter for that. Our Master has told us "to pray for those who persecute us and despitefully use us." And we are assured by him that if we pursue this course, we shall be like "our Father in Heaven." Do Universalists invariably pursue the course marked out by Jesus? We fear there are some few exceptions. This ought not to be so. Persecuted, evil spoken of and ill treated as we have been by our opposers, we should be the last ones to walk in the same path which we have so often condemned others for walking in. Infidelity, under the different names of Deism, Pantheism, and the like, may be our most bitter opposer. But never mind that, the old way to bring them back to Christianity, in its simplicity and purity, is to let our conduct toward, and our treatment of them, be such as our Master has recommended. Whenever we deviate from the rule Jesus has laid down for the treatment of opposers, we shall drive them from us instead of making them converts to our doctrine. As we wish for the increase and prosperity of the gospel, we must pursue a manly, independent, affectionate and christian course towards all unbelievers. Let us never call them bad names, but by the name they choose to take for themselves. Universalism is thought, by the orthodox, to be Deism, Atheism, and every other bad *ism;* but still these bad names do not convert us to orthodoxy. Neither will they convert infidels to Universalism. Universalist Watchman.

UNIVERSALIST MEETING.

Reader! what constitutes an Universalist meeting? Is it the faith of the people who assemble, or is it the character of the exercises? If the latter, all are justified in calling the one we are about to describe an Universalist meeting.

It was holden about eighteen hundred years ago, on the plains of Judea.

The congregation! They were humble shepherds, watching their flocks by night.

The preacher! He was an angel from the courts of heaven, specially commissioned of the infinite Jehovah.

The sermon! "Fear not! Behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy which shall be unto all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Savior which is Christ the Lord!"

What a sermon! No burning strains of terror! No frightful descriptions of God and hell! The angel of the Lord comes down, and glory shines round about. When he discovers, that the shepherds are terrified at his harmless splendor, he cries out, *fear not!* Heavenly words these—they dropped from angel lips—they calm every rising fear! "Behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy!" He was no messenger of wrath—no minister of vengeance. But his message was not only one of gladness to the shepherds, but it embraced the interests of a world! "Glad tidings of great joy *which shall be unto all people.*"

Such, reader, was the sermon preached by an angel of God. Immediately after its delivery, a multitude of the heavenly host appeared and sang the following song in honor of God, and of the Babe of Bethlehem:

Glory to God in the highest, on earth, peace and good will toward men!

What a song! What a choir! These indeed were notes of praise—of thanksgiving to the Most High! What a perfect agreement between the sermon and the singing! It was *gospel preaching* and *gospel singing.*

Mortals! Will you pretend to be wiser than angels, fresh from the bosom of the Father? Will you preach terror and vengeance, and sing of hell and suffering, when we have such a bright example of the way in which they worshipped God, and celebrated the praises of his holy name?

HOW TO DISTINGUISH PREACHERS.

Two very popular preachers flourished in the Eastern States about forty years ago, by the name of *John Murray*—one a rigid Presbyterian and the other a Universalist. The following extract concerning them is from Mr. Samuel L. Knapp's American Biography.

"The rigid sentiments of the Presbyterians were fully sustained by Mr. Murray, and to distinguish him from a preacher of the same name, who was one of the first Universalis's in this country, he was called *Damnation* Murray, and his namesake *Salvation* Murray. Several instances are mentioned of these men of similar names and opponent principles, preaching in the same pulpit on the same day; and the good people sat in judgment upon their performances. The preacher of *salvation* was smooth, witty, and ingenious, of a gentlemanly address, and was cautious of offending any sect. The other poured out his eloquence with the spirit and energy of a Chatham, and the stores of his learning were so much superior to his opponent's that victory always perched upon his standard. But at the same time it must be recollected that he had the most *popular side* at that time."

By the by, we are inclined to think that the above distinguishing title was an *appropriate* one, and should be observed at the present day, for it is well known that while the Universalist is engaged in proclaiming *salvation* to a lost and perishing world, the partialist is constantly engaged in preaching the *damnation* of the great majority of our race.

Reader, which think ye, preaches the *Gospel?* Is there any system brought to view in the Scriptures called the "GOSPEL OF DAMNATION"? Search the Bible, and if you find any such thing, just inform us in what chapter and verse it is recorded. Herald of Truth.

Br. John Gregory of Burlington, Vt. has accepted a call at Woburn, Mass.

CLINTON LIBERAL INSTITUTE.

The officers of this institution are, C. B. Thummel, Principal and Professor of languages; George R. Perkins, Professor of mathematics; F. Ellis, assistant teacher. The number of students, at present, is sixty-six; of whom fifty five are studying languages and mathematics, and fifteen are pursuing English studies.

LADIES SCHOOL.—Miss A. Meech, Principal. Present number of pupils, twenty-nine; of whom twenty-two are pursuing the higher studies, seven the French language, six drawing, eight embroidery, and nine music.

The primary school is conducted by Miss M. Hawkins. It has twenty-nine pupils. The whole number of pupils and students in this institution is, therefore, one hundred and twenty-four. Mag. and Adv.

CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER.

Br. Drew, we learn from eastern papers, proposes a new paper—"*Gospel Banner and Universalist's Family Monitor,*" in place of the Intelligencer as above. Shall give further information as soon as received.

SUSPENSION.

We perceive by the Trumpet that the Committee of Discipline of the Massachusetts Convention have withdrawn fellowship from Br. L. S. Everett as a Minister, till the next session of that body, for reasons not stated in the communication.

By the minutes of the N. H. Convention held 17th June 1835, we perceive Br. George P. Leonard is suspended from its fellowship until the next session.

DEDICATION AT HIGHTSTOWN.

The Dedication services at Hightstown, N. J. will take place at 11 o'clock, A. M. Monday Aug. 10. There will be preaching at 2 o'clock, P. M. and at early candle light.

Br. George W. Farr, says the Trumpet, has just commenced his labors in the ministry of reconciliation.

APPOINTMENTS.

A line from Br. Rogers informs us that he will be at the following places at the times named, where appointments may be made for him.

At Pottsville, July 30th and 31st.
At Reading, Sunday Aug. 2d.
Easton, 6th and 7th do.
Millford, N. J. or on the opposite shore as the friends may judge best.
Philadelphia, from the 12th till the 21st Aug.
Marietta, 23d and 24th, do.
Baltimore from the 26th till the 31st, do.
Pittsburgh, about the 8th of September.

The communication was too late for this No. The money was received. His request will be attended to, by Br. Thomas.

Religious Notices.

Br. William Bell, of Vt. will supply Br. Le Fevre's desk in New-York on the fourth Sabbath, (26th) July, (to-morrow.)

Br. Perry will preach at Newark on the first Sabbath in August, and Br. Marvin supply his appointment at Peekskill and Annsville.

Br. Marvin will preach at Middleville on Sunday afternoon next (to-morrow,) at 2 o'clock, P. M.

Br. R. O. Williams will preach in Killingworth on the fourth Sabbath, (26th) July.

Br. C. F. Le Fevre will preach in Danbury, Conn. the fourth Sabbath in July, (to-morrow.)

Br Bulkeley will preach in Milton in the morning and afternoon and at Marlboro in the evening of the 4th Sunday in July—and at New Windsor Monday Evening following.

Br. Bulkeley will preach in Huntington L. I. 1st Sunday in August.

Br. S. J. Hillyer will preach in Long Ridge the 4th Sabbath in July, (to-morrow.)

Br. Nehemiah Dodge, will preach the 4th Sabbath in July, (to-morrow.) at Croton forenoon and afternoon, and at Sing-Sing in the evening.

Br. B. B. Hallock will preach in Monticello, the 3d Sabbath (16th) in August, on his return from Broome co. He can preach in the vicinity, or at places on the route home, the three or four succeeding evenings, if appointments are made and information is given him at Monticello.

Br Hitchcock will preach in New Marlborough, 1st Sabbath in August.

THE CHILD'S LAST WISH.

There's angel beauty in a child's light form,
Its infant gambols, and its joyous voice;
And 't is a sight on which I love to gaze.
But there's a holier beauty in the death
Of one we love, when, pure and free, the soul,
E'en as it came from its high Maker's hand—
Pours out, in sweet unconsciousness, its breath,
While yet the dew of heaven is on its brow;
We can imagine angels hovering near,
To catch the spirit parting from its clay,
And bear it onward to its home in Heaven.

'Twas such an one a mother gazed upon,
Just yielding up its spirit to its God,
Ere yet the world had sullied its pure heart.
She was young, and fair, and beautiful;
But she had lived enough in this cold world,
To feel its chilling cares—its broken hopes;
She had seen one whom she had dearly loved,
Bow down his head in utter helplessness;
She had laid a parent's—husband's form,
Deep in the dark and dismal sepulchre;
And now, while yet to her this life was young,
She was bowed down at evening's solemn hour,
To sorrow o'er the dearest and the last
Of all her earthly treasures, who, in youth
And innocence, had now laid down to die,
While all a mother's deep-felt tenderness
Was bursting forth in bitter agony.

Low on the evening breeze, a sweet, faint voice,
Like the soft tones of an Æolian harp,
Breathed forth the artless wish of childish love:—

'Mother, a mist comes o'er my sight;
My breath is faint and still;
O, mother, warm me in your arms—
My hands, my feet are chill.

'O why does father leave me now?
Why does he stay so long?
For he would fold me in his arms,
And cheer me with a song.

'And when I saw him near me last,
His face was pale, like mine;
He told me he was going home;
Say, is his home not thine?'

Why does that gentle mother shrink and weep
At this request of fond, confiding love?
O he, for whom the child unconscious asked,
Was laid in silence in his long, last sleep;
And with a trembling voice she told the child,
'Thy father's home, my dearest is in Heaven.'

'In Heaven, dear mother? Is he there?
O, then he 'll ne'er return!
For Heaven, you say, is very far,
And 't is the angels home.

'Dear mother, may I go there too?
I'll stay but for a while;
I'll twine my arms around his neck,
And see his sweet, calm smile.

'And hear him say "Dear daughter," once,
And kiss my pale, cold brow;
O, then I'll come again to you!
Say, may I go there now?'

Her low and plaintive voice had ceased for aye;
And, as the evening breeze, stole o'er her brow,
It found it cold, and pale, and lifeless;
For, with the plaint yet on her infant lip,
Her soul had fled to its eternal home,
To meet her loved and lost on earth in Heaven,
And there exist with them for evermore.

Universalist and Ladies' Repository.

WEEHAWKEN.

Among the many pleasing scenes with which the noble Hudson is adorned, there is perhaps none in its whole course more strikingly picturesque than that beheld from the heights of Weehawken.

We have often stood upon that lovely hill, and gazed with a thrilling sense of joy upon the beautiful scene presented to our view; for, whether illuminated by the "earliest beams of eastern day," or the more mellow hues of the setting sun, it is one that the eye delights to gaze upon, and which the mind retains until after years have thrown around its charms the more pleasing sensations of memory and association. Calmly stretched beneath our feet lies the lordly Hudson, laving with his limpid waves the mighty cliffs that have withstood the tempest of ages, and swelling away toward the south, forming the bay upon whose bosom the countless navy of our great metropolis reposes, it pours at last its flood of water through a narrow channel into the distant ocean.

It is through that narrow channel that the wealth of nations is poured, from earth's remotest ends, into the lap of New-York; and it was through that same passage that the last vestige of the British army took their departure from our liberated country. With what thoughts must they have gazed back upon the scenes they were leaving for ever; and how saddening must have been those thoughts, as they recalled to mind the long years of obstinate but unavailing combat they endured to maintain possession of them: they must have felt as did the Moors of Spain, when, after a residence of eight hundred years, they were at last driven from their beautiful Grenada.

To the right, far away over the verdant shores of Hoboken, the distant promontory of Jersey City, and the lovely islands that adorn the bay, are seen the majestic hills of Staten Island, rearing their blue summits high above the waters. Immediately before us sits the great city of the western world, reclining upon the waves that pour their tribute at her feet: while, farther on the left, the gentle hills of Long Island, swelling with graceful undulations toward the east, form a most soft and pleasing background to the view.

Scarce two hundred years have passed along the course of time, since how changed was the scene! True, the same rivers, hills and forests smiled as now they smile---they are formed by the hand of Nature, and will stand unchanged, unchanging, through ages yet to come. But yon proud city, and the countless multitude of sails that gladden the waters before it, where were they? Manhattan was a wilderness, and the red man, the native, strode along its hills and valleys, now the habitation of beauty, wealth and fashion; as free in mind and limb, as the eagle that soared above him. Its gay promenade was then the covert of the wild deer, and the doe led its fawn to lap the waters that gurgled thro' many a sparkling rivulet since drained by the hands of civilization. With such thoughts as these, who can reflect upon the changes that have already been, without turning his mind toward the future; or who can ascend this lovely hill without enjoying one of the most pleasing prospects of nature, heightened by the richest colorings of imagination. New-York Mirror.

Audubon, the Ornithologist, closes a description of the passage of himself, his wife, and a child, down the Ohio river in a skiff, a distance of about 200 miles, in the following manner:

When I think of these times, and call back to my mind the grandeur and beauty of those almost uninhabited shores; when I picture to myself the dense and lofty summits of the forest, that every where spread along the hills, and overhung the margins of the stream, unmolested by the axe of the settler; when I know how dearly purchased the safe navigation of that river has been by the blood of many worthy Virginians; when I see that no longer any aboriginies are to be found there, and that the vast herds of elks, deer and buffaloes, which once pastured on these hills and in these vallies, making for themselves great roads to the several salt springs, have ceased to exist; when I reflect that all this grand portion of our Union, instead of being in a state of nature, is now more or less covered with villages, farms, and towns, where the din of hammers and machinery is constantly heard; that the woods are fast disappearing under the axe by day and the fire by night; that hundreds of steamboats are gliding to and fro, over the whole length of the majestic river, forcing commerce to take root and to prosper at every spot—when I see the surplus population of Europe coming to assist in the destruction of the forest, and transplanting civilization into its dark recesses; when I remember that these extraordinary changes which have all taken place in the short period of twenty years, I pause, wonder, and although I know all to be the fact, can scarcely believe its reality.

THE LOVE OF TRUTH.

Truth is lovely in its nature: there is no truth in the system of nature which is not lovely.—There is none which has ever been found out by art that is not lovely. If we ask the philosopher if he has made any discoveries in nature, or ascertained any facts in its laws which cause him any sorrow, or that he could wish were otherwise, he will answer, no. All he has seen harmonize in one beautiful whole. If we ask the astronomer, if, in studying the heavenly bodies, and their motions, he has learned a subject of regret, at which he grieves? he will answer no. Every thing is beautiful and lovely in its order. If we ask the artist, we shall receive a similar answer; but if we ask divines, commonly so called, the systems of truth which they study are full of subjects of deep regret, and lasting sorrow! The conclusion is, they have not received the love of the truth.

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For sale, wholesale and retail, at No. 2 Chatham-Square, foot of Bowery, N. Y. & 132 Chesnut-st. Philadelphia.

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